

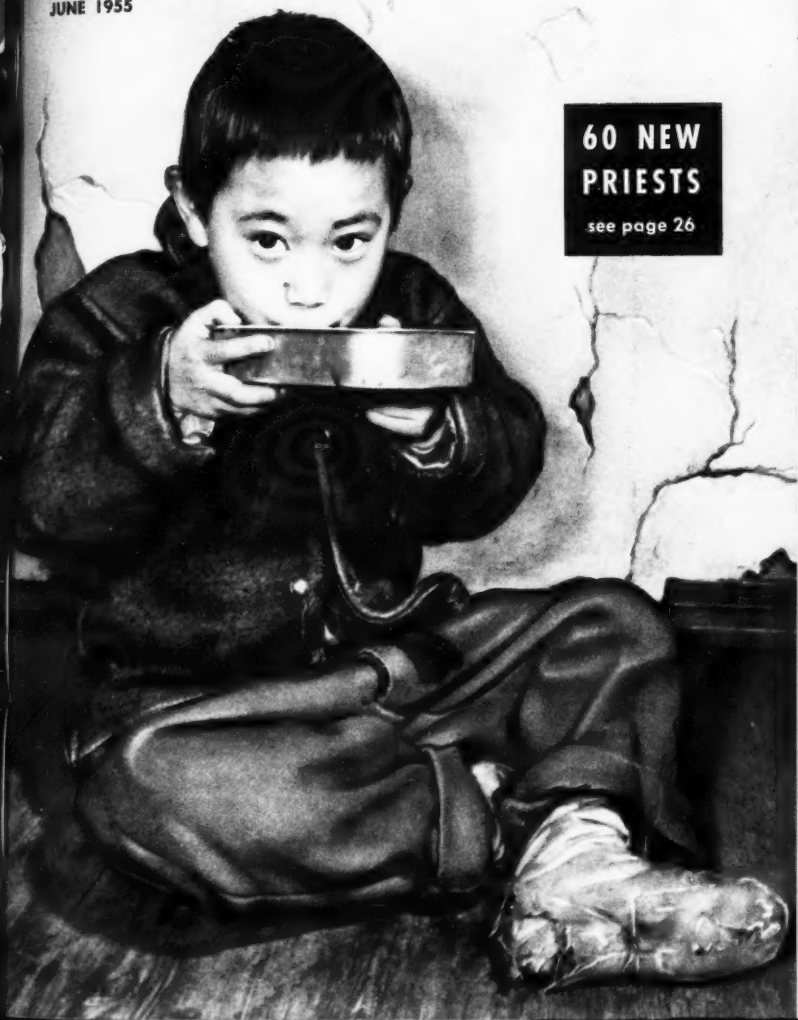
THE FIELD AFAR

Maryknoll

JUNE 1955

60 NEW
PRIESTS

see page 26





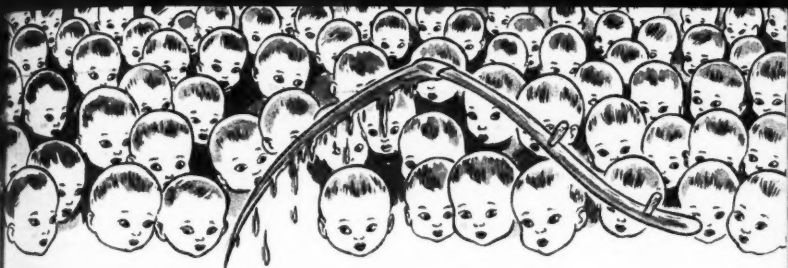
RAGS AND A MEDAL are all that Toto wears. But missionaries such as Father Joseph Reinhart have brought the Africans the warmth of Christ.

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MURDER BY THE MILLION

Too many empty cribs in a land famous for its love of children.

BY WILLIAM A. KASCHMITTER, M.M.

■ TO HELP poor families who cannot support another child, the Japanese Government legalized abortion for economic reasons. Abortions are now performed at the rate of more than a million a year. Due to birth control propaganda, the birth rate has declined. With the death rate also cut down, the population is still increasing by more than a million a year. Curbing conceptions is regarded as the most critically needed national policy.

How is this to be explained in a nation that has traditionally loved children? A few statistics can explain. Foreign trade last year showed a deficit of more than one billion dollars. Bankruptcies are so frequent that the court in Tokyo has had to hire extra halls for hearings. Workers who lose their jobs in cities go home to the farm. Fifty per cent of Japan's 87 million are on

farms. The seventeen million acres of farm land (less than are under cultivation in New York State) are divided into more than six million farms. Farm income averages \$444 annually; living expenses average more than \$555 a year. The Government reports that 23% of all Japanese are undernourished.

By contrast, a pamphlet published by the Catholic Association for International Peace declared that four-fifths of the arable surface of the earth is unused. In the other fifth, vast areas have overproduction. The United States Government is spending nearly half a million dollars a day to store its surplus foodstuffs.

The International Federation of Agricultural Producers declared in its Nairobi meeting that an "important problem consists in the fact that the world's capacity to produce

agricultural products has for the moment outstripped effective demand for them." Effective demand is limited by inadequate purchasing power among more than half of our fellow men; that is why only six per cent of the food output of the world figures in intercontinental trade.

The problem of feeding the world, according to Charles E. Kellogg, Chief of the Division of Soil Survey, U.S. Department of Agriculture, is not one of soils, but one of "developing social institutions to put the soils into production."

Recent Popes, aware of these problems, have spoken in terms of world adjustments but their statements on international affairs have been too often overlooked even by Catholic thinkers. In *Ubi Arcano Dei*, Pius XI declared that "other nations have an equal right with us to both life and prosperity." In *Quadragesimo Anno*, he pointed out that no nation could have risen out of want and poverty had not the Creator generously bestowed natural riches and resources. Pius XI stressed in the same encyclical the twofold character of ownership, individual and social. He pointed out that the Creator gave man the right of private ownership, not only that individuals might be able to provide for themselves and their families, but

"also that goods which the Creator destined for the entire family of mankind may, through that institution, truly serve this purpose."

Two and a half weeks after Pearl Harbor, Pope Pius XII appealed not merely for better opportunities for individuals but also for a new order in which "nations less favored by nature" would have access to

resources beyond their borders. Just a year earlier, he had asked for a new economic order which would give "all nations the means to secure for their citizens an appropriate standard of life."

It is not only the Popes or Catholics who have spoken in this vein. In 1936, a year before the Manchuria Incident, Anton Zischka, in his book *Japan in der Welt*, declared it was "overpopulation and the almost unimaginable misery of the farmers that were driving Japan to militarism and conquest."

In 1929, Warren Simpson in *Danger Spots in World Population*, declared that Japan must be given more land or there would be war in the Pacific.

Individual statements from Catholic and non-Catholic sources could be multiplied. Such statements, however, do not constitute a system. It's unfortunate that Catholic social doctrine has not been systematized with regard to international social problems. ■ ■

OUR ADDRESS?

It's Easy!

**THE MARYKNOLL FATHERS,
MARYKNOLL P.O., N. Y.**

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Bamboo Wireless

Recently in Yuan Lin, Formosa, an old granny died. The parish band went to the wake and funeral. On the way back from the burial hills Father JOSEPH COSGROVE heard the band playing a quaint funeral number: "I Wonder Who's Kissing Her Now?" . . . Father ARTHUR DWYER writes about the new radio station set up in the bishop's house in Puno, Peru. Called The Blue Wave, it operates from 7 to 9 each evening, giving religious instruction. Fathers WILLIAM BERGAN and FRANCIS MILROY set it up.

* * *

Sixteen trucks loaded with cut stone rolled through the streets of Arequipa, Peru. The stone was donated by stonecutters for the church being built by Father ALBERT KOENIGSKNECHT . . . During Lima's Eucharistic Congress ordinations to the priesthood were held. Among those ordained were the first two Peruvians trained by Maryknoll.

* * *

Brother RALPH DEBLANC picked up his shoes from the Korean repair man. Arriving home, he had trouble getting them on. The shoemaker had nailed and sewed the tongues to the inner soles . . . In Tanganyika, Africa, Father GEORGE PFISTER sent out a call for a cookbook. To make a cake, Father had to grind his own flour. In place of chicken eggs he had only one ostrich egg. Problem: how much ostrich egg equals three chicken eggs?

* * *

Father ARMAND JACQUES is having fine success in working among Formosa's aborigines. At Sun Moon Lake recently, the King and thirty members of his aboriginal tribe were baptized by Archbishop RIBERI . . . Exterior construction at Maryknoll headquarters is now finished.

* * *

Correct Your Atlas Department: Father FRANCIS DIFFLEY informs us that his Japanese town of Uji Yamada has now become Ise-shi. The new name comes from the famous Ise shrines in the area. It looks like a profitable year for Ise's sign painters . . . From the diary of Brooklyn's Father WILBUR BORER, we get some quaint names in his Korean mission: Pagoda Tree Mountain, Pear Tree Rapids, Old Earth, Horse Whipping Village and New Tavern.

BY EDWARD McGUINNESS, M.M.

The Cuilco Story

A genius sees the obvious;
this invention proves that.

■ ONLY a few years have gone by since Father McClear and I came to Cuilco, Guatemala. This is an account of our efforts to take care of the Cuilco parish.

To contact 53,000 people, even if they lived together in one or two towns, is difficult, to say the least. Our 53,000 are scattered over an area so large that it takes two days by horseback to reach the end of the parish. Our first aim was to work out a method to reach all parishioners.

At first, we thought a catechetical school would be a good solution to the problem. Letters were written to many villages, and boys or men were invited from each village to come to Cuilco for a month's course in the doctrine. The response was encouraging. We began classes with fourteen.

We tried to give the students some motivation for action so that when they returned to their villages they would teach what they had learned to others. However, it was not an adequate solution. It contained two major weaknesses. Those who came

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to take the course were not, for the most part, people with exceptional initiative. Consequently, it was difficult for many of them to get classes organized after returning to their villages. The second weakness of this method was that such catechists need constant review of the few essentials picked up while they were at the school, plus added knowledge, in order to keep on instructing villagers even after they had received their First Communion. This was expecting too much from ordinary boys from the mountains who had spent all their lives in corn patches.

A better system came our way in January, 1953. His Excellency Bishop Rafael Gonzalez, Auxiliary Bishop of the diocese, visited Cuilco. He told us of a method of Catholic Action he had used in Totonicopan, and of the wonderful results achieved through it. When he was in Rome a few years ago, the Holy Father told him that Catholic Action is the only means whereby Latin America, in view of the horrible shortage of priests, could be re-Christianized.

The system Bishop Gonzalez uses in Totonicopan is based upon methods Christ used. It calls for a large number of volunteer catechists, who are brought together at regular intervals for catechetical instruction. Each catechist selects five houses in his village, and arranges with the father of each family for a weekly visit. The catechist goes to one house each evening.

When the number of catechists increased, the Bishop selected from each village a president, secretary,

treasurer and vice president. These officers from the villages meet regularly at a centrally located village that is visited periodically by the Bishop. On returning to their villages, the officers explain the doctrine to their catechists; then the local volunteers proceed to visit assigned houses.

Once a month, the Bishop calls a general meeting of the catechists from all the villages. He gives them a day of conferences and recollection. Each catechist has an identification card and makes a promise to propagate the Faith.

By means of this system, the Bishop explained, it is possible to contact every family in a large parish, regardless of how far families are from the center. To us it sounded like the very system we were looking for here in Cuilco.

His Excellency told us of the mushrooming results achieved in Totonicopan. In towns where years ago he had hundreds of Communions monthly, today he has thousands. The first years were slow but results came in time.

We decided to try the plan outlined by the Bishop, and worked on an adaptation for our parish. Father McClear chose the Tacan region, and I set to work around Cuilco. I wrote forty-seven letters to men in the various villages in the environs, inviting the recipients to come to a conference that was to be held at the rectory. About half of those invited came.

For the first two weeks, the attendance was good but then it began to fall off — until it was down to three men. I became discouraged and



Just another mother and child? Not so — author thinks they're VIP's.

was about to discard the system. Then I thought that facilitating attendance might be the solution. I changed the time of the meeting to Sunday noon. The attendance began to rise, and has continued to grow. At present there are sixty-three.

The group as it now stands represents eleven villages around Cuilco. The men meet every Sunday. Their meeting is divided into three parts. First, a conference is given to them and for them only. This is geared to their mentality and has for its end the explanation of the advantages of being catechists, showing them how they grow in grace and holiness by living their Faith and doing something about spreading it. The second part consists of accounts of their activity during the past week.

The third part of the meeting is an explanation of some point of doctrine, according to a plan we are following.

The president of each group has drawn up a map of his village, indicating every house. He keeps one copy of this map in his house, and there is another in the conference room at the rectory. The houses of each village are numbered so that we see at a glance how many catechists are needed to provide one for every five houses.

What has been done thus far was for the villages near Cuilco. There are many other villages within the territorial limits of the parish that are far distant from the center. They cannot be asked to come here from such great distances, so other centers were set up. At present we have five centers other than the ones near Cuilco.

The framework for the system is solid; it needs only to be filled out by establishing more centers and visiting them regularly. Even if progress is slow, consolation comes from knowing that it is in a sense cumulative. Eventually, some men in the households catechized will themselves volunteer to serve as catechists. Ten years from now, many adults will know the essentials of their Faith. The coming generation will want to receive the sacraments.

The children of today will be the adults of tomorrow. We can hope for a strong Christianity here by the end of a twenty-five-year period. Our program will mean the restoration of a lost Christian heritage for the people of Cuilco. ■■

THE CATECHIST



Rudolfo's day begins with Mass in a Filipino church many centuries old. His job is to help others to discover the riches of their Christian heritage which has been covered over with a patina of neglect and ignorance.

PHOTO STORY BY WILLIAM J. MORRISSEY, M. M.



Street noises don't distract his pupils. He uses every trick in the teacher's book to give these youngsters a solid grounding in truths of the Faith.



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One of the catechist's stories is a real treat. There's a magic in the way his story can put flesh and blood onto the dry bones of a catechism lesson.



A catechist's job involves lots of stair climbing. Rudolfo has the aim to become personally interested in the spiritual welfare of every family.

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TWO FALLS



■ HERE, in a little cleared-off plot of the Bolivian jungle, we have a playground, a school and a small orphanage. To keep the three things running happily together, I invested, a short time ago, in a broken-down secondhand bicycle.

By GORDEN FRITZ, M.M.

If life was uncomplicated here before, it has been simplified enormously since. Where are the boys? What are they doing? We always know. The cook can be sure they'll come to meals on time. She can readily find a firewood chopper. She can always spot a water carrier. And I can find my houseboy in any daylight hour. They are all out in the schoolyard with the bicycle.

Only one is riding at a time, of course. But the others are standing by and waiting — sorting out their turns, trading their privileges, making and breaking friendships. None of them yet really knows how to ride. But all will soon learn. Here is how:

As I looked out on them a day or two ago, I heard a sudden shout: "All Right! Enough for you, Francisco. Two falls. My turn now." Alcides tore across the field to take possession of the wavering contraption. In his anxiety to prove himself, and his hurry to get away, he

was barely halfway down the field when he made his first slip and fell. "One fall!" the waiting group shouted as he clambered back on the seat. But not long afterwards, he was down again. "Two falls," they cried happily. And

the next one in line ran out to take his turn on the bike.

Even one of our young-men teachers had to take his place in line, and with never a previous opportunity to practice in his lifetime, he inexorably had his "two falls" and had to retire.

I've never gotten as much out of a purchase as I did from the money I put into that secondhand bicycle. It's proved a boon in teaching the youngsters the practical meaning of team spirit and sportsmanship. Of course, the poor bike absorbs a lot of punishment in the process. But necessity has turned the lads into would-be mechanics. If this keeps up they'll be experts at repairing.

When I was a youngster in Minnesota I used to imagine that I was an Indian Chief; in other games I became Two-gun Gordie. My hope is that some of these Two-fall Franciscos will take the same turn in the road — and we'll be replaced by a local clergy. ■ ■

THE SUPERIOR GENERAL'S CORNER

By Bishop Raymond A. Lane, Superior General of Maryknoll

The foreign missionary rarely has to look for mortifications. He has to die daily; his real problem is to make sure that the death he is undergoing is a dying for Christ. The cross is never long absent from his life, it is often a heavy one. But he has to be sure that he is carrying it in the steps of Christ.

The man who has a deep love for his own family and his own land is likeliest to love the new people of his new land. Exile is a cross that must be accepted; it must not become a source of paralyzing regrets. It is part of his vocation, a part of his Faith, that he is primarily an exile from heaven not from the United States.

Missionary societies now generally make provision for furloughs at home, and this policy has been approved by recent Popes. There was something wonderful in the old days about those missionaries who spent forty, fifty, sixty years in foreign lands with never a thought of returning. But, all things considered, the missions would have benefited had those missionaries made occasional trips to the lands that sent them.

A missionary's living conditions are often primitive. He has a poor house and a hard bed. He finds the climate trying, and there is a constant danger of disease. The food put before him is poor in quality, badly prepared most of the time,

and seldom tasty. And yet he usually lives a little better than his people — another trial. He has to speak in a language sometimes very difficult to learn. It is the rare man who learns to speak even an easy language like his people do.

To make use of these mortifications for the good of the souls committed to him must be a constant part of the missionary's spiritual efforts. St. Therese of Lisieux put it well, "our mortifications have to be as voluntary as our sins."

The missionary has to accept quite deliberately the trials he could evade only at the cost of treachery to his Master. He has to welcome them, and the time ought to come when he will ask for them.

Father Voste, formerly Secretary of the Biblical Commission, is reported to have told a young professor of Scripture, "Your desk is your cross." The missionary's cross is the whole of his complex experience of exile, disappointment, frustration, opposition, indifference, exhaustion, sickness — the bitter business of sticking to his job at those times when it seems too big or too small for him. It is then that the life of Jesus will shine through his mortal flesh.





Meet the Lau Family

■ GUS LAU came originally from Fatshan, China. Today he lives in Hong Kong with his wife, his mother and his eight children. Gus earns \$40 a month. Since this is not enough to feed eleven mouths, he supplements it by toiling in his garden every day after work. His garden is little shelves built into the steep Hong Kong hillside; some of his garden patches are only a few feet square. He must laboriously carry water up the hill for his garden.

Mrs. Lau stretches the family budget by making over clothes received from Catholic Welfare relief. She spends much of the day at work in the garden, while Granny cares for the small children.

Three of the children — Rose Mary, Mary and Anthony — are in a Catholic school. Two of them have their fees paid by unknown benefactors. Two other children are ready for school, but Gus cannot manage the few cents a month necessary for fees and books. Mrs. Lau would like to see the twins, Dom and Joe (foreground above), become priests. One of the twins was ill some time ago, but after Gus gave him a pint of blood, the boy recovered. "All of us are well now," says Mrs. Lau. "We've got a lot to be thankful for." ■ ■



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A pair of kids and an island pastor (Father Michael J. O'Connor of New York).

LAND OF THE FRESH WIND

■ WHEN the first Portuguese navigators saw the island, they were captivated by its loveliness, and they named it Formosa — Beautiful Island — a name that endures to this day. Formosa is a fresh and fragrant land, richly blessed by nature. But most delightful to the many Maryknollers at work there are the people, particularly the children. Although living in a land that some day may become a battleground, Formosan youngsters give little thought to the future, and they allow joy free rein. By their smiles and wiles, they steal their way into the heart of every missionary. Here's a chance to meet a few of Formosa's younger set.

A COLOR IMPRESSION OF FORMOSA BY FRANCIS J. LYNCH, M.M.



Two little maids leaving the Tienchung mission. Their smiles are as big as their hats. With such charm, they almost own the mission.



es are Father Lynch found these three lads returning from school along a mission. rice paddy. Of course they would like to have their picture taken!



A boy and his puppy make a picture that everyone can understand. Looking at it, who can fail to recall the puppy of his childhood?



and. After high-school classes are over, this young man goes to work
ood? in the family rice field. Good weather brings a fruitful harvest.

"Our Great Need Is For More Missioners"

Madame Tanaka is the wife of the Chief Justice of Japan's Supreme Court. Father Francis J. Caffrey interviewed Madame Tanaka during her stopover at the Maryknoll mission for Japanese in Los Angeles. As one of Japan's Catholic elite, she has had a chance to acquire a good perspective on the condition of its Christianity. Her observations are brief and pointed; her interest in the growth of the Church is as strong as her devotion to Mary.

Q *Madame Tanaka, you are most welcome at Maryknoll in Los Angeles.*

A Thank you, Father.

Q *Would you explain the purpose of your visit to the United States?*

A Yes, Father. It was UNICEF — the United Nations Emergency Children's Fund — that invited me and my friend, because I am the Vice President of the UNICEF Association in Japan, and my friend is on the Executive Committee of this organization.

Q *Have you been to New York?*

A We were invited to the United Nations in New York where we studied the work of the United Nations, and where we met many people with whom we can cooperate. But, beside

this purpose, I had a secret mission.

Q *A secret mission?*

A Yes. Before I left Japan, Bishop Lane of Maryknoll came to my home. We had a very nice time together. I talked to him about a magazine which I started seven years ago — a magazine for children about six to eight years old. I edited this magazine with the help of business people. Now we are trying to edit the magazine more carefully, from a religious viewpoint. I am not able to ask any of our business people to help me because they are not Catholics. So I asked the Bishop if he could introduce me to some Catholic business people in the United States. The Bishop en-

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Shown are Madame Tanaka; next to her is Father Hugh Lavery, pastor of the Japanese mission in Los Angeles, Father Francis Caffrey and Father Clement.

couraged me very much, and he wrote letters of introduction to the Bishops and Cardinals in the United States. So I thought it was my duty to go see them, although it is a little bit, I thought, daring. I went to see the Archbishop of Boston, Archbishop Cushing, and I also saw Bishop Fulton Sheen.

Q *In New York?*

A Yes. I had met them before.

Q *You knew Archbishop Cushing and Bishop Sheen?*

A Yes, when the Archbishop was only Father Cushing, I came here, and I met him. I also met Monsignor Fulton Sheen when he came to Japan a few years ago, and he was

so generous as to promise to help me. When I came here to Los Angeles—thanks to you, Father Caffrey and Father Lavery—I met His Eminence Cardinal MacIntyre who also was very kind and promised me help.

Q *That's very encouraging.*

A Oh, yes, Father. It was really propitious. Because without the encouragement of Bishop Lane, I would never have decided to come here.

Q *Well, of course, His Eminence and all the Cardinals and the Archbishops and Bishops of the United States are reflecting the thoughts and the hopes of our Holy Father that the philosophy of Christ will be encouraged and spread*

INTERVIEW

as you are doing in the Orient. How is the Church progressing over in Japan?

A Oh, after the war we had wonderful progress because up until that time people had some prejudices. But now after the war, people were glad to have something very strong and they would like to have some strong conviction. The Japanese lost everything spiritually and materially, so after the war we had many conversions.

Q What is the main need in Japan today?

A I think we need more Fathers, Brothers and Sisters. We need most, I think, Sisters who can help young girls.

Q In education?

A Yes, and for dormitories.

Q Dormitories?

A Dormitories for working girls and also schools — inexpensive schools, parish schools. That is what we need very much because our schools do not have good teachers.

Q Didn't you meet Mother Regina, the Mother General of the Immaculate Heart of Mary Sisters, the other day in Hollywood? She asked about your needs for hospital Sisters.

A Oh, yes, of course.

Q I presume you could use some of them, too?

A Indeed, we could! We have a very nice hospital run by the Franciscan Sisters of Mary, but I think we don't have enough hospitals.

Q Madame Tanaka, one of our friends noticed the other day that you are wearing a ring that is quite unique.

A Yes.

Madame Tanaka and some pupils from Maryknoll's school for Japanese.



INTERVIEW

Q And you seem to wear it regularly. Will you explain that ring?

A Yes, Father. This is a rosary ring. I went to Korea about ten years before the war, and I met a French missionary who gave me this ring. Actually, this is a ring made in imitation of a ring which Korean martyrs once wore.

Q They wore these rings during the days of persecution when they couldn't practice their faith openly?

A Yes, that's right. It's very convenient, too.

Q I understand that you used it on the airplane the other night when there was the possibility of a crash landing.

A Yes, Father.

Q Madame Tanaka, your natural modesty undoubtedly prevents you from telling the whole story, but mutual friends

told me that when airline officials warned the passengers to prepare for a possible crash landing, you were very calm, and began reciting the "Hail Mary."

A Of course, Father, when something happens it is quite natural that you say it.

Q You turn to our Blessed Mother?

A Yes.

Q I think Mary will look after Japan, too. Have you any thoughts, now that you have seen our country again, on the faith of our people here?

A It is amazing.

Q Did you enjoy visiting the Japanese Maryknoll church this morning and being at Mass and seeing your own people receive Holy Communion, with the men, women and children?

A Yes, Father. I told the Sisters that this place is next to paradise.

Madame Tanaka gave a talk on Japan to the mission's Mothers' Club.



INTERVIEW

Q You mean the chapel this morning?

A Oh, yes, Father, and your gathering.

Q You mean the Fathers, Brothers and Sisters?

A Yes.

Q I believe there are over 1,200 Catholics here at the mission and 400 children. There are some to be brought into the Church today to be baptized in preparation for Christmas. This afternoon there will be the Christmas play and Santa Claus will come to a party for the children.

A I was asking myself this morning: I am so happy because I have my faith, why don't I tell other people about my faith?

Q You want to share your joy with others?

A Yes, Father.

Q Did you notice the altar here at the Maryknoll church?

A Oh, yes, it is very Japanese style, isn't it?

Q Yes, that was made in Japan. Father Byrne, later Archbishop Byrne, Apostolic Delegate to Korea, who died on the death march under the Communist regime, had that made and sent here to Maryknoll in Los Angeles. I believe it is the only altar of its kind in the United States.

A I did not know that. It is very beautiful.

Q It must remind you of home.

A Yes, Father.

Q I know you have some other appointments. I think you have conveyed your thoughts very well. You want to share your joy, your love of Christ with some of the millions that are waiting for His message and His love in your great empire. And please convey to Mr. Tanaka and to all the Maryknollers over there our very best wishes, good health, blessings and joy.

A Yes, Father.

Q Thank you very much.

A Thank you, Father.

INDY ANN'S NEW PROFESSION



60 NEW PRIESTS

Maryknoll's
largest
ordination class



FRANCIS M. O'HARA
Winthrop, Mass.
Boston College



RICHARD G. BRAWN
Hartford, Conn.
St. Thomas Seminary



WILLIAM J. COY
Danvers, Minn.
St. John's Univ.

■ THIS MONTH at Maryknoll sixty young men will become priests. The Class of 1955 is the largest in Maryknoll's history. The path to the priesthood has been a long one (nine years from the completion of high school), and for some, one that was interrupted by war.

The new priests now become couriers in the army of God. This month they begin an endless journey. They will leave their footprints on unmapped trails; they will seek tirelessly the unclaimed souls of men.

Although Maryknoll rejoices at the ordination of so many new and stalwart sons, the joy is tinged with regret that there are not many times sixty. For the world is white for the harvest, and the harvesters are few in comparison. America cannot rest until it can send out a thousand sons each year. To our new sixty priests we say: "Your task is only limited by your zeal, and may that zeal be limitless!"



WALTER J. GLEASON
Phelps, N. Y.
Phelps Central



JOSEPH L. WATERS
La Crosse, Wisconsin
Loras College



MORGAN VITTEGL
Lake Placid, N. Y.
St. Mary's High

THEY COME FROM ALL AMERICA



GEORGE L. WEBER
Bad Axe, Mich.
Sacred Heart Sem.



VINCENT HOFFMAN
Jackson, Michigan
St. Louis University



THOMAS E. LAVELLE
Astoria, L. I., N. Y.
St. Francis Xavier



WILLIAM HEFFERNAN
Lynn, Mass.
St. John's Prep.



G. M. MIKOLAJCZYK
Riverhead, N. Y.
Riverhead High



ROBERT O'CONNOR
Malden, Mass.
Malden Cath. High



HOWARD E. O'BRIEN
Providence, R. I.
Providence College



JAMES P. COLLIGAN
Pittsburgh, Pa.
Duquesne University



JOHN B. KEANEY
Billerica, Mass.
Boston College High



PHILIP F. SHEERIN
Jackson Heights, N. Y.
St. Peter's College



MICHAEL P. HIEGEL
Conway, Arkansas
St. Louis Univ.



ELIAS J. TEDEROUS
Dunkirk, New York
St. Mary's High

CA

THEY GO TO THE WHOLE WORLD



RICHARD BROOKER
E. Worcester, N. Y.
Fordham University



J. F. MICHENFELDER
Webster Groves, Mo.
Webster Groves High



JOHN W. LENNON
New York, N. Y.
Cardinal Hayes High



BRENDAN BRANLEY
Rochester, Minn.
Loras College



ALAN A. SMIDLEN
Yonkers, New York
Princeton University



JAMES L. LEMHAN
E. Rockaway, N. Y.
Mt. St. Mary's Coll.



ROBERT R. ZAHN
Tacoma, Washington
Montana State U.



EDWARD SULLIVAN
Framingham, Mass.
Sacred Heart High



ROBERT V. JULIEN
Salem, Mass.
St. John's Prep.



HENRY J. SULLIVAN
Ridley Park, Pa.
St. James Cath. High



FRANCIS O'DONNELL
Troy, New York
Siena College



JOHN J. MANNING
Flushing, N. Y.
Bayside High



MARYKNOLL'S CLASS OF 1955



JOSEPH SARJEANT
Boston, Mass.
Boston College High



LOUIS B. ROST
Jefferson City, Mo.
St. Louis Prep. Sem.



THOMAS J. BURKE
New York, N. Y.
Power Mem. Academy



JAMES P. McMAHON
Mahtomedi, Minn.
St. Paul College of Law



EUGENE C. KENNEDY
St. Albans, N. Y.
Chaminade High



WILLIAM F. KILLION
Dorchester, Mass.
Mission High



PETER A. WALSH
Lawrence, Mass.
Central Cath. High



C. G. LIBERATORE
Philadelphia, Pa.
St. Thomas More High



DONALD F. SYBERTZ
N. Weymouth, Mass.
Boston College



JAMES M. GILLIGAN
Brooklyn, N. Y.
St. John's Prep.



CHARLES CALLAHAN
East Haven, Conn.
St. Bernard's Sem.



THOMAS E. MCKEE
Tulsa, Oklahoma
University of Tulsa

60 NEW APOSTLES OF PEACE



DONALD F. DONOVAN
Haverhill, Mass.
St. James High



WILLIAM V. AHEARN
Norwood, Mass.
Boston College



DONALD J. SHEEHAN
San Francisco, Calif.
Saint Monica's



JOHN P. GRADY
New York, N. Y.
Regis High



WILLIAM STATHAM
Oklahoma City, Okla.
Catholic University



C. JOSEPH CORSO
Detroit, Mich.
St. Joseph's High



JAMES WECKESSER
Rochester, N. Y.
St. Andrew's Sem.



JOHN F. KENNEDY
Bayside, L. I., N. Y.
Brooklyn Cathedral



J. QUINN WEITZEL
River Forest, Ill.
Fenwick High



ALBERT ESSELBORN
Bellerose, N. Y.
St. John's Univ.



DANIEL F. OHMANN
Freeport, Minn.
St. John's Univ.



THOMAS H. KEEFE
Short Hills, N. J.
Seton Hall Prep.





ROBERT F. EMERSON
Chicago, Illinois
St. Francis de Sales



JAMES W. O'NEILL
Omaha, Nebraska
Creighton University



THOMAS A. DEPEW
Pittsfield, Mass.
St. Jos. Central High



CARMEN LA MAZZA
Brentwood, L. I., N. Y.
Stuyvesant High



GEORGE A. EGAN
Dubois, Pa.
Villanova University

MARYKNOLL'S OPPORTUNITY FOR SERVICE



FRANCIS BENINATI
Bristol, Conn.
St. Thomas Seminary

■ MARYKNOLL was founded in 1911, that Catholic America might serve in the mission fields of the world. Each succeeding year finds new missionaries headed for far-flung fields. The newly ordained priests go to join Maryknollers at work in Hong Kong, Korea, Japan, Bolivia, Chile, Peru, Guatemala, Mexico, Hawaii, Philippine Islands, Formosa and Africa. Maryknoll training houses are found in New York, Ohio, Massachusetts, Illinois, Missouri and California.



Here are the parts of America represented in this year's class.

60 X \$500 = \$30,000



← Mrs. Jones selects a missionary and makes a sacrifice.

Her sacrifice helps purchase his overseas ticket. →



← He sails to his foreign-mission post.



He brings Christ and His blessings to forgotten men and women. →



← He brings the charity of Christ to underprivileged people.



THE MARYKNOLL FATHERS, Maryknoll P.O., N. Y.

I enclose \$ toward the \$500 needed to pay the passage of one Maryknoll Missioner to his field of work. Sorry I can't go with him.

My Name

My Address

My City Zone State





MARYKNOLL'S HEART

Mary
Ossie
from



Maryknoll's major Seminary and national headquarters are at Ossining, N. Y. Here the future missionary receives final training, and from here sets forth on his journey to some far-flung mission post.

Be a Missioner!

FR. JOSEPH CONNORS
COMES FROM PITTSFIELD,
MASSACHUSETTS. HE IS
PASTOR OF THE MARY-
KNOLL PARISH IN PUSAN,
KOREA. IN THIS CITY
OF 1,000,000 REFUGEES,
HE IS ENGAGED IN
RELIEF WORK.



HE FINDS HOMES FOR ORPHANS AND
LOST CHILDREN WITH KOREAN FAMILIES.
HE OPERATES SOUP KITCHENS FOR
UNDERNOURISHED SCHOOL CHILDREN.
MEDICINE, BLANKETS, SOAP AND
CANNED FOODS HE DISTRIBUTES TO
VICTIMS OF WAR AND PERSECUTION.



FATHER CONNORS WORKS
FAR INTO THE NIGHT
HEARING CONFESSIONS
AND GIVING THE LAST
RITES TO THE SICK IN
THE LOCAL HOSPITALS.



MARYKNOLL FATHERS, MARYKNOLL P.O., NEW YORK

Dear Fathers: Please send me literature about becoming a Maryknoll

☐ Priest

☐ Brother

☐ Sister

(Check one.) I understand that this does not bind me in any way.

Name.....

Street.....

City.....Postal Zone.....

State.....Age.....School.....Grade.....



Emergency Repairs

What could a pipeful of opium
do for a misfiring sparkplug?

BY MICHAEL J. O'CONNOR, M.M.

■ OUT OF the millions of sparkplugs manufactured, one defective plug passed into the world's commerce and came to Formosa. I know. It was in *my* motorcycle. I had been up in the village of Li Lim to see how the people there were studying the doctrine. As I was coming home

at 11:30 P.M., I was let down. It was a black night, and the deserted road was lit only by my headlights until the machine coughed to a stop. I removed the sparkplug and turned the motor over. There was no spark. It was too dark to see what was wrong with the sparkplug.

I remembered a little roadside stand only 300 yards up the road, and I pushed the machine up to it. The stand was bare, empty of its scanty stock of candy and cigarettes, joss sticks and kerosene. The customers — neighboring farmers — were all abed. But in the house behind the stand, there were a few cracks of yellow light around the windows and door. I knocked on the rough wooden door three, four, five times. I wondered if I'd get in. Formosa is a peaceful, law-abiding place, but no citizen likes to open his doors at night — especially in this lonely stretch. They were prob-

ably all tucked in their beds by that time.

But the old man who finally opened the door was fully dressed. His eyes were tired, and his face lined and drawn over a stringy beard.

He motioned me in. "You're the foreign Spiritual Father from Three Mountain Village?" he asked.

I nodded. "The motorcycle is broken," I said by way of explanation.

I expected him to smile then. The Oriental always gets a mild amusement from the breakdown of the Westerner's machinery. But he didn't smile. I could see he was troubled. I indicated my desire to spend the night in his parlor, if I could, resting on one of the rickety, bamboo chairs. Three Mountain Village was seven miles away, too far to push 300 lbs. of motorcycle on a black night. Even if one were not afraid of snakes — I am.

With typical courtesy, he pushed forward the best of the three chairs and went to rummage in the bureau drawer for a cigarette for me.

"No, no, Old Man," I said. "Do not trouble yourself."

That's when the scream came from the back room. I leaped up, but the old man motioned me back.

"What was that?" I asked, wondering what I had gotten into.

"My daughter-in-law," he replied quietly, offering me a cigarette that was old and brittle. "She is giving birth to a child. Her first. And it is difficult." He shook his head sadly.

"Have you had a doctor?" I asked.

He shrugged in resignation. "My second son — that is *his* wife in there

— went to Lan Ling for a doctor at eight o'clock. But no doctor would come out here. It was too late and the road too dark."

The scream came again, hard and grating. I shivered. Then I noticed the old woman who had entered from the back room. She spoke swiftly to the old man, "It is bad, my husband. She *must* have a doctor."

She turned to me. "Spiritual Father, could you give her of your Western medicine? I have burned incense before the *To Tei*, (the god of earth). I have lit many joss sticks to the goddess, *Kwan Yin*. But to no avail. Can you help?"

It was no time to explain that my medicine was for the soul, not for the body. No use to say the things I was thinking about people who let defective sparkplugs get on the market.

The old man spoke again. "You cannot go for the doctor, can you, Spiritual Father?"

"I could walk," I said, "snakes or no snakes. But it would be three hours before I could get back with a doctor." If only I could get that machine going. I knew I could get a doctor to return with me on the pillion seat of the 'cycle. Even if I had to threaten him, or kidnap him. He'd come, or else.

"I'll look at the machine again, Old One," I said, and went out into the blackness.

Five minutes later I returned with the sparkplug; its points were moist, indicating that I was getting gas. But the porcelain insulation on the plug was cracked.

"Have you any glue in the house?" I asked. He shook his head.

I looked at him. A real old-timer, I thought. Very yellow, with thin, sunken cheeks. Not many of them around *that* yellow. So I had to ask him, although it's a question one just doesn't ask in Formosa. "Tell me, Old One," I said, not looking at him, "do you still — sometimes — smoke a pipe of opium?"

He started. Fear flickered in his eyes. Opium smoking is illegal, the punishment severe.

"Tell me now, at once. Your daughter-in-law's life depends on it. Do you?"

He nodded slowly. "Yes, sometimes. I'm an old man and . . ."

I cut him off. "Get some."

A few moments later a tiny ball of sticky opium was sizzling over the hot alcohol flame, ready for the pipe. I took the cooked opium and packed it into the cracked insulation, tamping it carefully and quickly. Opium hardens fast.

Outside, I said a prayer and kicked the starter. The machine coughed, then took hold; the roar of the motor, echoing out across the silent rice fields, was music to my ears. Off down the road I went. I'd have to hurry.

An hour later I sat again with the old man, in the rickety bamboo chairs. The child had been born — we had *heard* that. Doctor Wong was on the other side of the room sleepily repacking his bag.

"You will not tell anyone," whispered the old man to me, "about the opium?"

I said, "No, I will not."

"And you will come back to visit us?"

I nodded.



JUNE, 1955



NO STRINGS

A STRINGLESS GIFT is one which you send to Maryknoll to be used as we see fit for the most pressing and urgent need at the moment on any of the four continents where Maryknoll is established. It is the kind of gift we like — no strings.

The mission fields and Maryknoll in the U.S.A. have many emergency needs arising out of the nature of our work. If you cannot decide which need is the greatest, make your gift stringless. We prefer such.

THE MARYKNOLL FATHERS

EDITORIAL:

Departure Means Arrival

BY BISHOP JAMES E. WALSH, M.M.

■ IN THE life of Maryknoll every departure is an arrival. Our big family is now so well ramified over the earth that a leave-taking in one corner automatically means a welcome in another. The bulk of Maryknoll personnel is now overseas, pressing on with the work for which the Society was created.

Each mission thinks of man power as the solution of all its ills — as indeed it is when rightly applied — and the Macedonian call goes up increasingly, insistently, even peremptorily. Maryknoll is happy when it can meet the demands. In giving all it has, the Society suffers no deprivation, for the losses at home simply mean gains abroad. Maryknoll at home must decrease that Maryknoll overseas may increase.

Arrival on the field, arrival among the souls committed to his care, arrival in his life work — this means more to the missionary than departure. He is putting away the things of a child and taking up the things

of a man. Without counting himself to have attained, he is at least pressing toward the mark. He is arriving.

YET departure is real. If it marks a glorious entry upon a new life, it also marks a change and a leave-taking, a cutting off from an old life. Perhaps there is something providential that the departure ceremony manages unconsciously to emphasize this.

Departure at Maryknoll is a smiling scene. It epitomizes all that is being left behind. The spell of late spring is over the favored land. Repletion and plenty paint their picture as the roses burgeon and the scented earth basks in the sheen of a warm day in June. The gentle breath of the south wind rises and whispers through the garden, rustling the leafy trees and stirring the perfume of the flowers, while over all spreads a heaven of fleecy clouds, busily about their play.

Maryknoll This Month's Cover



Korean war wounds heal but often they leave ugly scars on the lives of innocent victims. The nine-year-old on our cover this month is a case in point. The war shattered his family. Now he's in an orphanage; not for him, as he grows up, is the enjoyment of the million-and-one things that family life does for each of its members.

Presently, a group of young priests assemble at Mary's shrine to receive the accolade of her Son as they set out on their life quest for souls, and the bell of their departure sounds invitingly, and their smiles are ready, and their hearts are light. For the young departants, there is a radiance in that gloaming, and there is a blessing in the air, and it seems as if they were leaving on some pleasant journey to the green hills not too far away. They leave the best of America at its best.

But all scenes change, and this one is no exception. Six months or so later, Maryknoll itself is a picture of change. Then there is snow on the hemlocks, the elms, the spruces and the pines. The distant hills stretch away in white expanse that seems to reach across the world. Bleak winds bare the woods and fields. The departure bell droops silently. The kiosk is hung with ice, where Mary stands sentinel in the wintry air.

WHERE are the missionaries now? They are across the world, ranging rugged mountains, traversing frozen plains, camping in squalid villages, getting tired for Christ, searching for souls, finding them, laboring with them until Christ be formed in them. They experience the environment of paganism with its rancorous heat and its equally deadly chill. They are coming to grips with their work. Their departure is over; at last they have arrived.

This is the change of scene that brings out the caliber of a man, as it reveals to him the road that God

Maryknoll

The Field Afar

*Catholic Foreign Mission
Society of America*

TO THOSE WHO LOVE GOD ALL
THINGS WORK TOGETHER FOR GOOD



Maryknoll was established in 1911 by the American Hierarchy to prepare missionaries from the United States and to send them forth, under the direction of the Holy See, to the mission fields of the world.

is asking him to walk. His departure is only the first hint of it. He put the smiling life of ease and plenty behind him and took the world for his home. He will never be quiet and comfortable. He will seldom be rested and warm. He fares forth with One who had no place to lay His head, and he accompanies Him to the very end of the journey, sharing with Him the luck of the road. So he climbs high mountains and treks long miles, always departing and always arriving. He is the minister of Christ and His missionary. He is forever called and he is eternally sent. ■ ■



HOPE OF THE HARVEST

They jumped off a cliff to
escape from a life of slavery.

BY FRANCIS X. KEELAN, M.M.

■ I CAN remember as though it were yesterday a hot July morning eighteen years ago. I was a tyro missionary stationed at Yungfu, in South China. Mass was over, and I was trying out my halting Chinese on a group of boys who were the

best language teachers I ever had. Always patient, ever helpful; even when they laughed at my mistakes, there wasn't the slightest hint of ridicule. They were real pals.

Stephen Liang was the smallest of them and the most likable. He came from a village called White River, way up in the mountains, a full day's journey from the mission. At the time, Steve was a lad of eleven. With the mountain school closed for the summer, and the rice planted, young Steve asked me if he could come to the mission to learn more of the Faith, particularly how to serve Mass. He learned fast.

Then came that morning. After the other boys had gone, Steve opened his little heart to me and asked, "*Shen Fu*, can I study Latin?" He looked straight up at me, and the smile that lived continually on his face was replaced by a look of childish earnestness and longing, a look that laid bare his soul.

His family were new Christians. I knew them well. His mother, half-crippled, was a veritable saint. His father was one of the pleasantest of farmers. There were ten of them altogether — a delightfully happy family. The seed had fallen on good ground and taken firm root in Stephen's soul. I promised to carry the young lad's request to the bishop.

The people of Yungfu were busy with the harvest. Piles of yellow grain lay around waiting to be spread out to dry. Down through the narrow street there was a steady parade of men and women, carrying great baskets of rice to the market. Hawkers cried out their wares, offering tempting bowls of noodles,

sprinkled with bits of pork and peppers. The fragrance of acacia blossoms from the mission yard hung on the air.

It was on such a day that Stephen Liang left Yungfu. Nobody noticed a tall man carrying a satchel, or the little boy scurrying along at his heels. It being harvest time, I watched Steve's little form — the first candidate for the priesthood from Yungfu — being swallowed up by the crowd, and I recalled an inscription carved in stone over one of the doors at Maryknoll's Major Seminary back in the States: *Spes messis in semine* (The hope of the harvest is in the seed). My hopes were high that day.

Many another harvest came. The reports he brought back from school were encouraging, as young Steve advanced in wisdom and grace as well as age. He grew in body, too, and at the time of entrance to the major seminary in Hong Kong, was as tall as his father, who was above average height for a southern Chinese.

During the Japanese war, the minor seminarians from Kweilin and Wuchow were taken to a remote mission in the mountains, where the enemy failed to penetrate. There classes went on as usual. And when the Communist scourge overran the South, Steve was again out of harm's way — in his third year at the major seminary in Hong Kong. His letters were more frequent after the Reds took over; chiefly he was concerned with how his family was bearing up under the Reds' persistent attacks on their faith.

In those days, Christians living in remote sections and small towns

were dealt with ruthlessly. Only six months after taking over, the Reds demonstrated their methods on an isolated family at White River. True to form, they struck at night. The house was surrounded, then the sharp command, "K'ai men!" (Open the door!)

There was no response from within. The order was repeated with a threat, "Open the door or we'll burn the house down." When this got no reply, gasoline was spread around. Then from over the front door, a wooden shutter creaked open a crack. A flashlight threw a beam on the small attic door, and a shot rang out at the same time. The man behind the opening, Stephen's father, slumped to the floor, killed instantly. Screams came from within; the front door was unbolted as flames mounted around the walls of the Liang house.

The Reds dragged the body of Stephen's father down from the loft and left it in the middle of the floor while they ransacked the house and drove off the cattle. Then they tied up the other members of the family and led them off captives.

Steve's family were mountaineers. They knew every inch of the narrow path that ran over the crest of the mountains. At a spot where there was a precipitous drop on one side of the path, the crash of falling bodies rent the night air and a shout from the rear brought the

column to a halt. Steve's brother and sister had waited for this moment to escape. Far below, their drop ended in a brush thicket but the Reds didn't know that. The Red soldiers played their flashlights

for a few minutes down the rock-studded slope. Then they ordered the rest of the family to move on.

Badly bruised, the brother

and sister spent most of the night in the brush where they had stopped rolling. Next morning at daybreak, they picked themselves up and limped through the mountains. Ten miles of trudging brought them to another Christian family's house, where their wounds were treated. That afternoon they returned to bury the remains of their father. The house had been reduced to ashes. Hastily they performed a simple ceremony and then went into hiding.

Since then Stephen's family has been practically wiped out. His brother was later arrested and shot by the Reds. The only survivor of whom I know is his young sister, who is married to the second son of the family with whom she took refuge after jumping over the cliff. It was hard to write the news of misfortune to Steve. But he wrote an edifying letter in reply, offering himself with his family for the conversion of China. That was the last time I heard from him while I was still in China. After the Reds gave

60 MORE PRIESTS

will be ordained at Maryknoll this month. That means that 60 more Maryknoll priests will say Mass for you every Friday, and remember your intentions in their daily Masses.

me my walking papers, I saw him in Hong Kong. He was in his third year of theology, about a year and a half from ordination. To that event he was looking forward with more than the usual longing.

In the old cathedral in Hong Kong overlooking the city, the harbor and Red China, nine young Chinese were assembled. They stood before Bishop Joseph Oste, a veteran Belgian missionary, expelled from Manchuria. The day on which these nine from China received Holy Orders was July 1st, 1954. It was a gathering of exiles. The young priests had been torn from their families and their native land. Looking on were exiled missionaries from all parts of China. Only in Hong Kong could such a ceremony take place.

Never before, perhaps, in the history of the Church in China has its Catholicity been so evident as during these days of persecution. When the old bishop called them forward and laid his hands upon them, I felt as if I were being carried back through the centuries. In the bishop's place stood St. Peter; before him were St. Stephen and the other deacons.

And then, for the newly ordained priests, the greatest moment of their lives, the Consecration. As they pronounced the wondrous words, "This is My Body . . . My Blood," time mingled with eternity in those sacred moments of the Holy Sacrifice that keep Calvary present with us.

Many, no doubt, were the happy thoughts that flew back and not a few were the tears of joy that ran down bearded faces like the oint-

ment that ran down the beard of Aaron. I thought back to the day in Yungfu when little Stephen Liang proposed that momentous question. And I thought that Stephen and these other young priests before us symbolized the hope of a future harvest for the Church in China.

China, one of the greatest mission fields in the world, has been laid waste by the Reds. The vast numbers of churches, chapels, hospitals and schools — which required centuries of sacrifice — all of them have been swept away in a few short years. But the Reds haven't killed the Church.

Missioners refused to offer physical resistance in defense of her material possessions. With true perspective they knew that buildings were the least of her treasures. The Reds have, in a material sense, destroyed the Church in China, but they have unwittingly succeeded in strengthening her spiritually.

When St. Peter drew his sword in the garden to defend Our Lord, he was rebuked with the words: "Put up again thy sword."

The suffering of the Church in China continues. When China has paid the price for centuries of pride and rejection of the Faith, it will come to an end. I think the Reds are the instruments, just as were the Roman soldiers on Calvary. But when they have done their worst, the Church will come back, stronger than ever, with the life and light that China needs. God is providing for this, as is evidenced by the ordination of young Stephen Liang and his companions in the cathedral in Hong Kong. ■ ■



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JUNE



Roast pig at a *luau* (above) is a big tourist attraction. The girl (left) wears a Mother Hubbard dress, paper lei, and hat made from coconut palm.

NEIGHBORHOOD HAWAII

■ MANY MAINLANDERS think of Hawaii in terms of the *luau* (above), and picture the islands as a place where people have no more to do than sit on white beaches, strumming ukes. But Maryknollers at work in the islands see the real

Hawaii—the Hawaii of small homes and hard-working people. The Maryknollers also see the wonderful spiritual opportunities in their many Hawaiian parishes. Their view of Hawaii is one of souls. For missionaries, Hawaii is a field for harvesting.



Maryknoll Sisters, who teach in Hawaiian schools, visit the grave where Father Damien, the apostle to the lepers, was laid to rest. This



grave
o res

This Catholic grandmother is a descendant of the original Polynesian inhabitants. Her friendly smile is typical of Hawaiians.




Many races settled in Hawaii, bringing religious customs from their home countries. All Hawaiian Catholics are united in love for Christ's mother.



Hawaii is a crossroad for Orient-bound travelers. Father Martin Burke, Maryknoll Superior in Hawaii, welcomes Cardinal Spellman with a big lei.

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Nature has been prodigal with her beauty in Hawaii. The islands are bedecked with flowers such as the Bird of Paradise (above).



**He's studying to be a Maryknoll Missioner.
You can supply the furniture for his room;
\$200 will furnish his room completely.**

The individual items cost:

Desk	\$36	Desk lamp	\$10
Mattress	35	Rug	10
Bed and spring	30	Blankets	7
Bookcase	23	Crucifix	7
Bureau	20	Pillow	6
Chair	15	Holy-water font	1

THE MARYKNOLL FATHERS, Maryknoll P.O., N. Y.

Dear Fathers:

I enclose \$..... to furnish a for
a young man training to be a Maryknoll Missioner.

My Name.....

My Address.....

City.....Zone.....State.....



Daily, 300 people line up for free milk. Forty gallons are gone in no time.

End of the Line

He has a recipe for a coming town in Bolivia's Wild East.

BY JOSEPH R. ENGLISH, M.M.

■ EL PASO, Bolivia, looks up at the cold, snow-capped cordillera of the Andes Mountains. This village is the end of the line in more ways than one, for Father Gerald P. Ziegengeist of Plymouth, Mass. The village has no cars, no post office and no telephones. Father Ziegengeist is assigned to preside over

the spiritual destinies of the people who make their home in El Paso valley. Half of his parishioners are Indians; half are of Spanish descent.

I spent six months in Cochabamba, studying the language and the customs of the people. During those months I saw a bit of El Paso. I went up there on week ends to lend Father Gerry a hand. The road from Cochabamba to El Paso would not exactly qualify as a superhighway. I remember the first time I went over it. On a particularly black Saturday night, Father Gerry called for me in his truck. There were several times during that hour-

long ride when I thought that the driver must have been lost; either that, or he was playing a practical joke on me. But after sixty minutes of spine-jarring bumps, crossing several creeks without benefit of bridges, we actually did arrive at the frontier town in the valley that has become known in these parts as the Texas of the Altiplano.

It's amazing what this young Padre has been able to do for his people — particularly when one recalls that Saint James Parish extends over fifty miles on both sides of rugged Andean peaks, as cold as they are high. Father has five mission stations; at each there are visits to the sick, confessions to hear, babies to baptize, Indians to prepare for marriage. The program is usually topped off with a movie dealing with some incident in the Life of Christ. (Many of the Indians in this section had never seen a movie before Father Gerry came to their village.)

Father Gerry is a careful planner and he has worked out a long range program for El Paso. He told me: "When I came to El Paso, I realized that it would be a difficult problem to talk of spiritual matters to these people. Their physical destitution queers their chances of understanding what I might say about their spiritual obligations."

In the two years he has spent in El Paso, great strides have been made in improving the material as

well as the spiritual lives of his people.

Recently Father Gerry bought a secondhand tractor and the necessary equipment needed to speed work on the hundred-acre piece of

property owned by the Church. Part of the produce goes into a fund to help the Bishop maintain his seminary. Six boys from this parish

are there studying to be priests. Raising a local clergy is a vital part of Father Gerry's program. When the tractor is not needed on the parish farm, it is sent to help other farmers in the region to cultivate their fields and help them to raise bigger crops.

One night Father Gerry returned from a sick call to find a surprise waiting for him. His eight altar boys were there, and said that they wanted to go to confession. This is unusual because the people as yet do not appreciate the graces of frequent confession and Communion. Padre Geraldo was baffled by this sudden burst of spirituality. Next morning, eight barefooted, copper-skinned boys attended Mass and received Holy Communion. Afterwards one of them explained that they knew the day was their pastor's birthday and they wanted to give him something special. Nothing could have made him happier.

Each weekday morning after Mass, Father Ziegengeist distributes forty gallons of hot milk to some 300 people: undernourished school

MARYKNOLL ACKNOWLEDGES

every letter soon after we receive it. If you have not received a reply to your letter won't you please let us know?

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children, babies and expectant mothers.

The parish dispensary does a fair amount of business. The pastor treats 600 cases a year. Whether it's stitching a machete wound or splinting broken bones, he consults his medical books and proceeds with a steady hand. On Saturdays, two Maryknoll Sisters who are nurses lend a hand in the dispensary. If anyone is critically ill, the pastor loads the patient onto his truck and hustles him off to the nearest hospital which is located in Cochabamba.

One of the problems that had plagued his people for years was an inadequate water supply. Father Ziegengeist licked that when he superintended the digging of a hundred-foot well. This supplies safe drinking water for the entire village. It also helps farmers to irrigate their fields.

Striking out in another direction, Father Gerry built a mud-walled chicken house; it now has 300 residents. This serves as a sort of pilot plant, to help introduce poultry-raising methods to the area. Housing for humans is something else again. Father Gerry has built a model house with emphasis on cheap but durable materials and ease of construction. Proof, positive

that this was all the encouragement many families needed, is the fact that the model has been copied by over 300 families; and more are planning to do in like manner.

Father has plans for a solid and respectable church, to replace the present mud-and-straw structure. Time enough then to build an adequate substitute for El Paso's dilapidated rectory.

One day Father Ziegengeist drove from El Paso to a neighboring town. Naturally he had some free passengers aboard — twelve to be exact. A ride, even in the back of a pick-up truck, is far better than walking. On the way he didn't stop to pick up more passengers. But when he arrived, thirteen free-riders got off.

You guessed it. An Indian woman had a baby en route. Fortunately two of the passengers were Sisters, and they took charge of all the arrangements.

There's seldom a dull moment in El Paso for the Padre who is all things to all his people. What would the eight thousand people of the parish do without their Padre? That is something they know all too well. They'll never forget the years and generations their neighborhood was without a resident priest. It is something a priest can see in their eyes and sense in their respect. ■ ■



TATTLETALE GREY

LINED up outside a shoestore in Korea, were Father Michael Zunno's 65 orphans. He was treating them to one new pair of shoes each. A shrewd little city slicker slipped off his worn shoes and got in the line. Father

Zunno challenged him; the lad pointed to his bare feet — a giveaway — the orphans' feet were washed. But he got the new shoes anyway.



Maryknoll is privileged to assist Bishop Larraín in his social program. Father Thomas Wynne (above) chats with the Bishop at Talca's Boystown.

The Bishop Who Is Called A Red

**Chile's poor vineyard workers
discover a fighting champion.**

BY MALCOLM BURKE
TRANSLATED FROM VISION

■ WINE is for Chile the fount of all prosperity. It produces riches for the countryside, gives social standing to its producers, and has even been used to put out fires when water was not at hand. But in the vineyards of Chile, there is fermentation among the workers.

Talca, in the south, is the center of production of the best wines in the country, and at the same time the episcopal see of a prelate who has two family names long associated with the aristocratic wine industry. He is Bishop Manuel Larraín y Errazuriz. However, despite his lineage, in the minds of many vineyard owners, the robes of Bishop Manuel are a Kremlin red, and owners see him with a hammer and sickle in

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his right hand. To the 10,000 vineyard workers, he is a friend — "one of us." In Santiago, Cardinal Caro gives his support to the prelate.

Oldest of five children, Bishop Larrain was born 53 years ago. From boyhood, when he was a pupil of the Jesuits, he moved in Chile's most aristocratic circle. It was not until he was 22 years old, when he was studying law, that he decided to become a priest. He was ordained in Rome, and two years later was named vice-rector of the Catholic University of Santiago, where he taught courses in religion and Church history.

"You students, as Catholics, ought to think with a social mind," Don Manuel urged his classes. His exhortations fell on fertile ground, and a group of young men organized the *Falange Social-Christiana*. Years later, this group established itself as a political party with 10,000 members.

The social ideas of Father Larrain aroused Conservative criticism, and many accused him of being a leftist. These elements felt that his influence on youth and his social philosophy were dangerous. These elements felt a great relief when, in 1938, Father Larrain was named head of the Talca Diocese and consecrated bishop.

Talca is a small city, far removed from the all-powerful Santiago, where one-fifth of the entire Chilean population lives. Talca is set in a rural countryside, and has much provincial spirit. The story is told of one commercial establishment in Talca, which boasted of having no connection with Santiago, and dis-

played beneath its title the inscription, "Talca, Paris and London."

In Talca, the new prelate threw aside precedent. He had no intention of being a bishop enjoying a placid existence in an episcopal palace. He could be seen scurrying to all parts of his diocese. He introduced foreign priests to help staff his diocese. In Molina he founded an agricultural school, and placed it under the care of Maryknoll.

Bishop Larrain believes that one single union helps the Communists to achieve their purpose. He is in favor of various unions for various types of workers, and he considers that the labor-union field should be one of Catholic activity.

Towards the close of last year, nineteen owners of the vineyards of the region were surprised to receive a petition from their workers. The owners met and decided to ignore the claims. Although the law does not recognize the right of agricultural workers to strike, the petitioners went on a three-day work stoppage in protest.

When they returned to work at the end of that time, the owners refused to take them back. Moreover the vineyard proprietors caused the arrest of Emilio Lorenzini, director of the Christian Syndicated Federation of the Land, a union of farm workers supported by the bishop, and which the landowners call "black communism" because of the association of clerical cassocks with the movement. The landowners even tried to obtain the arrest of the Federation chaplain.

Bishop Larrain immediately informed Cardinal Caro in Santiago

of the situation. The Cardinal approached General Ibanez del Campo, President of Chile. President Ibanez decreed that Lorenzini should be freed, and he sent two of his ministers to Talca to study the situation. The ministers exploded the owners' claim that the strike was directed by Communists, and their recommendations were responsible for adjusting the vineyard worker's salary to 115 pesos a day (about sixty cents), plus a meal consisting of about eleven ounces of beans and eleven ounces of rice. "The vineyard owners," said Bishop Larrain, "must give their workers what they owe them in justice. There is a legal justice that springs from social laws. These laws ought to be fulfilled. There is a social justice that springs from our human living together. This justice must be respected and practiced. The workers must not demand more than they are entitled to by justice. As there is injustice on the part of the owner who does not pay what he ought, so, too, is there injustice in the worker demanding what is not due him."

The owners feel that wages should not be raised. "If more is paid the worker," said one owner, "it does him no good, because he wastes it." Another added: "Our stubborn Bishop goes around the countryside stirring up the *inquilinos*. The worker would prefer sleeping in his atavism, dreaming of some kind of God who will take charge of all his problems. The result will be that the farm worker will get completely out of control. Our Bishop will be the one to blame for anything that happens."

Bishop Larrain answers that a "material minimum" is indispensable even for the practice of virtue. The Christian Federation sums up its opinion on the wage question by saying that the pay must be enough for the worker to feed himself and his family, to obtain healthful recreation, to provide clothing for himself and his family, and to give security. The Federation holds that present wages do not satisfy these points.

The Christian Federation has been in existence for several years, and has affiliated unions in the whole territory; but only last year, and in the province of Talca, were the principles applied to agricultural life. These principles are three: "To unite the Christian element as a spearhead for syndicated action; to train unionists; to help workers prepare their complaints and to form unions."

The strike of the farm hands has heightened the suspicions of Conservative opponents of "the leftist bishop." The *Illustrated Daily* of Santiago refuses to mention the prelate by name.

On the other hand, there are those who think that Bishop Larrain may some day be the Archbishop of Santiago. In the midst of these conjectures, there is an attempt to link him with the politics of the Social Christian *Falange*. The bishop denies these assertions. He says that he inspired the movement, but that he did not form it, nor does he direct it in any way.

Meanwhile, the *Falange*, directed by Edward Frei, a young senator, continues active in politics. ■■

HIGHWAY TRAFFIC

BY THOMAS J. MCCARTHY, M.M.

■ A DREAM has come true. A road has been cut through the wilderness, connecting five of our towns. Now the Old Hornet, battlewagon of the Peto mission in Middle America, goes down that road, its fenders flapping freely in the wind. It has a large assortment of rattles and the radiator leaks. The Hornet is distinguished — it's not just another used car. It has wooden ventilator windows. The patches on its tires are stitched on by hand. But on it rolls, lopsided and steaming.

This 1937 sedan is famous in the little towns of our parish. It goes four times faster than a horse; and in these parts, that's speed! It has a high front seat and a low windshield; pedestrians can hardly see the driver's head. Yet everyone knows who is behind the wheel, for all can see the massive arms and the cement-mixer chest. Besides, it's moving. Isidro, the Fat Man must be inside; who else would be daring enough to drive it, expecting to get somewhere?

Day after day the Hornet churns through the red mud roads, absorbing terrific punishment as it carries

the Padre for Mass. On one trip, the low-slung front axle caused the Hornet to come to a sudden halt. Drat those stumps!

The axle assumed a peculiar new angle, much akin to the letter U. Undaunted, Isidro took off for the next town. Bang! Bang!—five times in all — blowouts as numerous as the patches on the Hornet's inner tubes. It was a record — even for the Hornet. The explanation was that the two front tires, instead of rolling along, were being pushed along sideways, rotating as they went. There was nothing left of the tires but fabric.

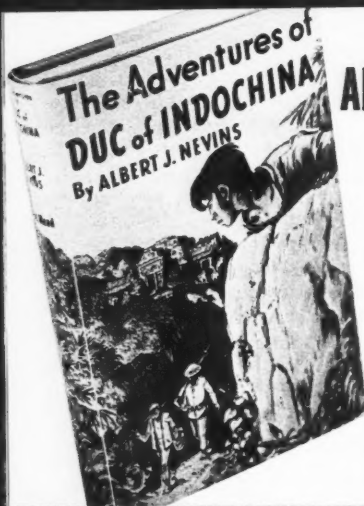
Was Isidro discouraged? Not at all. He simply took off the axle and started hitting it again with a sledge hammer. When he was done the admiring crowd that had gathered to watch agreed that the Hornet was as good as new.

Alas. That was just an empty hope. The Hornet had suffered a mortal wound. It was a time of decision because the repairs would cost too much.

Off Hornet went to the city. To us it seemed that the car went on its journey sadly and solemnly as a hearse. It was going to a junk yard in the big city, to be sold as mere chattel, unlauded and unwept. In its new surroundings, it would merely satisfy the cruel and grasping heart of some creditor.

Our hope is that the Hornet may find in the big city nothing but smooth roads and tires with wonderfully thick treads.

Meanwhile, a shout is heard: "Isidro, bring me that horse, please. Another sick call."



ANOTHER THRILLING STORY BY FATHER NEVINS

The horror and tragedy of communism told so that everyone can understand. The youthful Duc, brave and bold, fights with his people for freedom from the Reds. In the famous siege of Dienbienphu he is made an officer for his deeds. When the Reds win, he leads his loved ones to safety.

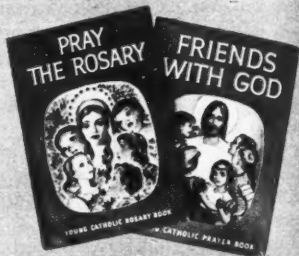
**The Adventures of
DUC OF INDO-CHINA \$2.75**

For Ages 7 to 10

Beautifully illustrated in color.
Text has charm and simplicity.
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and her name is—MERCY

■ THERE IS one missionary about whom there are no two opinions. That is Maryknoll's Sister M. Mercy, a Sister-doctor, who stepped into the turmoil and misery of Pusan in April 1951. She and her two companions set up a clinic in jig time. In a few days, they were caring for 400 unfortunates a day. More Sisters arrived, and many more patients.

The numbers soon grew to 2,000 a day. Korean Sisters, doctors and nurses, as well as volunteers from the Armed Forces came to help.

Three and a half years of such grueling work sent Sister Mercy home in need of medical care herself. Civil and military authorities tell what Sister meant to Korea.

CHAI YU CHOI, Minister of Health, speaking for the medical circle and the people of Korea, said: "Your most humanitarian service and contribution to this country in relieving a great number of people through philanthropic spirit of Christianity, will be remembered by the medical profession and the Korean people."

LEE SANG YONG, Governor of the province in which Pusan is located, wrote: "Your years of self-sacrificing service to the people of Korea will remain forever in the memory of this war-torn suffering land. . .



By your outstanding administrative ability, your capacity to win support from all, your superior medical and surgical knowledge, your broad vision to make the scope of your activities commensurate with the enormity of the condition, you have been of immeasurable comfort to suffering Koreans."

CHOE BYUNG KYU, Mayor of Pusan, details the many phases of Maryknoll relief works and adds: "Now before your departure, you have made possible a large new hospital for the people of Pusan. Standing on its high hills, all Pusan and the world that comes to this great port, will look up when the lights are turned on, and will thank Sister Mercy for the great example she has given of the practical workings of the Faith she represents."

LT. COL. MILTON I. WALLACE, writing for the officers and men of the 44th Engineer Group (Const.), says: "Your presence and Godly work have been an inspiration to all the personnel of my command, especially those who came into contact with you."





Sister M. Mercy, M.D., treated thousands of Koreans in her Pusan dispensary.

Dear Sister Mercy,

On your departure from Pusan, you will carry with you the appreciation of the thousands of American troops in Pusan who have visited the Maryknoll Sisters' Clinic while it has been in your charge.

Your resourcefulness in the face of seemingly insurmountable difficulties; your willingness to undertake work in each of the many emergencies that have arisen; your wide perspective for building both a plant and an organization for the future, will leave a permanent imprint on Korea and the Korean people.

All take pride in the demonstration that you and the Sisters of your order have given, of what dedicated American women can do. Your work here has reflected the greatest possible credit on yourself, your Order and your Country.

Sincerely yours,

RICHARD S. WHITCOMB

Brigadier General USA

Commanding Pusan Military Post

**YOU'RE
NEXT,
ROSA!**



The MARYKNOLL SISTER is trained for her work, whether it be in clinic, hospital, classroom or catechism room.

Your help now in supporting her makes possible her lifetime service to Rosas and Pedros all over the world. It gains for you a share in every good work she does. For many years to come, she will be daily earning graces for you.

THE MARYKNOLL SISTERS, Maryknoll, N. Y.

Here is \$.....to aid you to train Maryknoll Sisters.

Name.....

Street.....City.....Zone.....State.....

As long as I can, I shall send \$..... a month for the same purpose.
Please send me a monthly reminder.

Letters

OF THE MONTH

We do not publish any letter without first obtaining the writer's permission.

Problem of Converts

I read the article of Father Hyatt's convert work in Japan, and it seems that his success is simply due to system and hard work. I see no reason why such a system could not be used in every parish in America. I'll bet if we went all-out to make converts here, we could bring in a quarter of a million in the first year.

KEVIN KEEFE

Chicago

The mission methods, which have proven successful in Japan, seem ideally adaptable for a convert program in the United States. Why is it that we never think of hiring parish catechists, or carrying on a dynamic parish program to make converts? Have we become too self-satisfied? Or is it because we are Catholics by birth and not by belief? What's wrong with us?

ANN REGINA MACKIN

New York City

Double Gift

I have wanted to send you a dollar but have had so much illness here at home that I just did not have it. Yesterday some Dominican Sisters visited my home here consisting of ten children, my husband and myself. They knew of our trouble, so one Sister gave me \$5. In appreciation, I want to send \$1 of it to help someone else.

NAME WITHHELD

Springfield, Ohio

Big Mystery

I was puzzled by that article by the nurse in Guatemala. She saw a man in a mask with a mean-looking machete. She thought he was a bandit, but found out he was the beloved catechist. Why does he travel in disguise and armed?

MRS. EMIL SCHAUMAN

Minneapolis

Guatemalan Indians often wear a bandanna over their mouth and nose while traveling to keep dust out. The machete is the tool of all work, and is also used for protection against snakes.

Suggestion

I have found good use for my Maryknoll magazines. After I read them, I bring them to my parish house where the priests take them over to the Sisters for the children in the lower grades to read and use for pictures in the classroom. I feel that this is a good suggestion to pass on to all the people who get the book. They could even pass them on to the children's ward in the hospital.

ELEANOR CASSELLA

Brooklyn

Prayer to Bishop Ford

Several months ago an elderly member of my family was suddenly forced to undergo a very serious operation. We were almost helpless. I had been reading about Bishop Ford and the recovery of a

MARYKNOLL

child whose parents had wrapped him in a towel which had belonged to the Bishop. Therefore, I sought his intercession. Although only time will tell if the recovery is complete, she came through the operation so wonderfully, and made such excellent progress since, the doctor believes she is cured.

MRS. R. SLOCUM

Albany, N. Y.

Disgusted

I read in your magazine how a family in California adopted a GI baby from Japan. How any normal mother could take a half-breed into her home is beyond me. It's simply disgusting!

JOHN VALENTE

Detroit

■ Would Christ agree, Mr. Valente?

Friendly Hand

Some time ago a free public library was opened for the residents of Riverdale and Dolton. On the day the library opened I was sorry to hear a visitor ask one of the board whether the library was "prejudiced against Catholics." I later learned that the new school and church in the Queen of Apostles parish had recently suffered several acts of vandalism, and that several parishioners felt that these things might have been done by someone who disliked the Roman Catholic faith. I felt sorry that such wicked acts had occurred. I wish to order and pay for the Maryknoll magazine not only because it is an excellent publication (it is one of my little girl's favorite magazines), but so that it could be pointed out that MARYKNOLL had been donated to the new library by a Protestant. This small act, I felt, might help our new Roman Catholic residents to know that

all of us feel that they are a most welcome addition to our community.

EMMA L. DILLNER

Dolton, Ill.

Distinction

I am a New York City policeman and I was happy to read the story of Brother Matthew who used to be a member of my own police force. In the newspapers and on television we hear much about bad policemen but most of us joined the force with the same ideals as Brother. There are some bad apples in every barrel. But a police force which gives Brothers and priests to the Church has much to recommend it. Thanks for the fine story.

NAME WITHHELD

New York City

Example

Your great service had a great success here in Belgium, because one of the parishes adopted one orphanage in Korea, seeing those photos of those Korean orphans in MARYKNOLL. Thank you.

FATHER CHOI

Louvain, Belgium

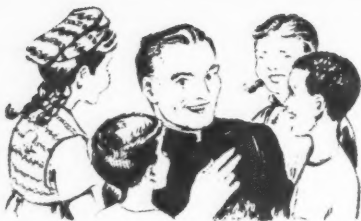
Interview

Thanks, MARYKNOLL, for giving us that grand interview with the African bishop. From my own observations in West Africa, he has hit the nail on the head. The day of the white man is fast coming to an end. The bishop says twenty-five years, but I feel that we have even less. The world moves rapidly these days. I have been trying to interest the State Department in paying more attention to Africa but unfortunately we are more concerned in locking doors on barns already empty. Africa needs attention now!

HENRY A. TAYLOR

New York City

JUNE, 1955



WANT ADS

Hong Kong Refugees need medicine, food, shelter and clothes. When they need something they go to Maryknollers. Sixty dollars a month will help us to relieve more suffering than you can imagine.

You May Not Be a Doctor but you can "heal the sick" if you furnish funds for medicines for our Indians in Guatemala; \$25 will provide a good supply.

From Red China refugees fled to Formosa. Maryknollers shelter and provide for hundreds of them; \$5 takes care of one refugee for a month.

How's This For Economy? St. Ann's Church, Cala Cala, Bolivia, can be painted completely on the inside for \$200.

Africa is Big — distances are great — the missionary must reach all his people. Roller skates will not do. A jeep is the thing. But where will our Maswa missionaries find the \$1,500 for a jeep?

Three Sets of altar cloths, at \$30 each, and three tabernacles, at \$200 each, to house the Blessed Sacrament, are needed by our missionaries in Korea.

Bread and Wine — not for the body but for the soul; not for the table but for the altar. A year's supply for one Maryknoll mission in Guatemala costs \$30. Even such things for sacred use must be bought and paid for.

Bethlehem-Calvary. A chapel in Taipei, Formosa, requests a Christmas Crib \$60; a set of Stations of the Cross, \$80 and \$15 for a carpet for the sanctuary.

Thirty Flat-tops. Not warships but school desks are needed in Japan. Costing \$7 each, the desks will serve for years. A low-cost gift?

Ant-eaten Altars in the Philippines must be replaced. Two new ones are required. Each can be donated for \$300.

Going on Before. A processional cross is requested for Musoma, Africa. Put the crucifix out in front. Cost: \$59.

The Old Gray Mare is exactly what she used to be. Our missionaries rely on horses in the Guatemalan mountains. Three missionaries each need a horse for mission trips and sick calls. One horse costs \$100; the saddle costs \$25; and a lone horse's shoe, \$2. Can you help? But please don't let us nag you.

52 Cents a Gallon is the price of gas in Maswa, Africa. Our missionaries need gas to reach far-flung villages by motorcycle or jeep. How many gallons for you?

The Wine and Hosts used by a priest saying daily Mass for a year, in any of our seminaries, cost \$24.65. If you wish, you may donate the wine and hosts for the Holy Sacrifice for one year.

HOW RISKY IS IT?

Q: . . . Do people die as soon as they have made their wills?

A: . . . No. There are no more germs on legal paper than on any other kind. In all medical history there is no case of anyone's becoming ill from fountain pen ink used in a fountain pen.

Q: . . . Must I be old and feeble before making a will?

A: . . . On the contrary, you should be "of sound and disposing mind."

Q: . . . But shouldn't I at least wait until I'm sick?

A: . . . Not if you want to do it right! There is nothing you can do as well sick as when you feel fine!

Q: . . . But I'm not rich. Aren't wills for the wealthy?

A: . . . Wills are for men and women who love their families. If you refuse to make one, or neglect to do so, you leave your property to be distributed by strangers. How much you have matters less than what should be done with it!

Q: . . . But what will happen if I don't make a will?

A: . . . You'll be amazed to learn! We haven't room to explain here; may we send you our booklet about wills?

THE MARYKNOLL FATHERS, Maryknoll P.O., N. Y.

Please send your booklet, "What Only You Can Do," without charge, to the following:

My Name.....

Street.....

My City.....Zone.....State.....

Just mark and mail the coupon above; there is no cost or obligation, and you will not be "followed up" or solicited further.



People are Interesting!

**Bernardino and
his Vagrants**



1. When Bernardino Jines was a boy his mother gave him bread for the poor, saying, "They're our brothers."



2. This full-blooded Indian became a model teacher and mayor of his village in the Peruvian mountains.



3. Once visiting Lima he found run-away Indian boys sleeping on park benches, in movie entrances.



4. Love for his Indian brothers made him buy them food and give them beds in an apartment he rented.



5. He persuaded Peru's Minister of Education to secure him money to open a Boys Town for Lima's vagrants.



6. Bernardino leads many wayward boys to study hard, to get good jobs, often to go home to their parents.

Christ belongs to ALL the human race.

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